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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-FIVE

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The BOYS™

TWENTY-FIVE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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...EGG WHITE OMELETTE, GUAVA JUICE, DECAF COLUMBIAN.

AND FOR YOU, SIR?

THE SAME. EXCEPT I'LL HAVE POMEGRANATE JUICE INSTEAD OF GUAVA.

VERY GOOD, SIR.

YOU WERE SAYING...

A TANTRUM. NOTHING MORE THAN THAT.

REASSURING.

IT'S NOT THAT I OBJECT TO BUYING ANOTHER A.V.8, PRODUCTION'S JUST BEEN INCREASED AGAIN FOR PAKISTAN. BUT THIS WAS AN AREA IN WHICH VOGELBAUM COUNSELLED PARTICULAR VIGILANCE.

ALL I CAN DO IS REFER YOU TO MY REPORTS. THE HOMELANDER'S AS SADISTIC, PETTY AND SELF-CENTRED AS EVER, BUT THAT'S ALL HE IS. HE NEVER LOSES HIS TEMPER WITH ANYONE, OR IN ANY WAY, THAT ACTUALLY COUNTS.

I SEE HIM WEEKLY: AND HE'S NEVER GIVEN ME THE SLIGHTEST INDICATION THAT THINGS ARE LIKELY TO CHANGE.

EVEN MORE REASSURING.

HE SEEMS BUSY ENOUGH WITH THE ***BELIEVE*** MINISTRIES, CAPES FOR CHRIST AND SO ON. AND ISN'T HEROGASM COMING UP SOON?

IT IS.

SOMETHING THAT'S JUST OCCURRED TO ME: CAN BLACK NOIR ACTUALLY FLY THAT AIRCRAFT? HAS HE ANY PILOT TRAINING AT ALL?

GOOD QUESTION.

I'LL ASK NEW YORK. JUST A DETAIL, BUT IT'D BE A STUPID THING TO TRIP UP ON.

THANK YOU.

YOU'RE WELCOME, SIR.

THANK YOU.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

NOW THEN.

MM.

EVERYTHING'S SET AND IN PLACE. I RECOMMEND ACTING SOONER RATHER THAN LATER.

AND YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S WHERE WE ARE?

I DO.

GODOLKIN'S ALWAYS ENJOYED A...UNIQUE MEASURE OF AUTONOMY. LARGELY MY PREDECESSOR'S DOING, BUT I CAN'T CLAIM TO HAVE TAKEN ANY STEPS TO CHANGE THINGS.

ALL THE SAME...

IN TERMS OF POTENTIAL CONSEQUENCES, THE KINCAID INCIDENT IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED WITH NUBIA. AS A SYMPTOM OF A STEADILY WORSENING SITUATION, HOWEVER, I DON'T BELIEVE WE CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE IT.

SO LONG AS JOHN GODOLKIN CONTINUES TO EXPLOIT WHAT IS INDEED A UNIQUE RELATIONSHIP WITH THIS COMPANY, SUCH INSTANCES WILL ONLY INCREASE IN FREQUENCY. FRANKLY, I'M SURPRISED WE DIDN'T REACH CRITICAL MASS SOME TIME AGO.

MM...

ALL WE'RE TALKING ABOUT IS CONTAINMENT. NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS.

...LET ME THINK ABOUT IT.

OF COURSE.

THANK YOU.

THANK YOU.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

HUGHIE...

JUST DON'T LOOK HIM IN THE EYE, DUDE.

GONNA!

WE GOTTA GO NOW

part three

GONNA... GONNA!
GONNA--
GONNA--!
GONNA...!
GONNA!
WHAT...
WHAT WAS *THAT* ALL ABOUT...?
ODD QUESTION.
FROM SOMEONE SO EAGER TO JOIN THE G-MEN.

M'SIEU CHARCUTER?

M'SIEU CHARCUTER, ARE YOU THERE?

SORRY, FRENCHIE, I'M ON A TRAIN. THAT ANY BETTER?

BON.

PETIT HUGHIE HAS MET GODOLKIN ET LES HOMMES DU G: PREMIERES ET DEUXIEME TEAMS. SECURITY AT THE NEW MANSION IS STILL INCOMPLETE, WITH MANY GAPS IN C.C.T.V. AND INFRA-ROUGE COVERAGE.

BUGS IN YET?

NON. PETIT HUGHIE HAS ONLY JUST MADE CONTACT, WE ARE STANDING BY.

HE DOIN' ALL RIGHT?

UN MOMENT--

SO FAR, DONC BON.

NICE ONE.

HOW OLD ARE YOU, AS A MATTER OF FACT?

AH, NINETEEN. I'M NINETEEN.

AND IT'S *BAGPIPE.*

AYE.

G-TRAINING SHOULD COMMENCE MUCH EARLIER, IDEALLY AS SOON AS COMPOUND V MANIFESTS ITSELF PHYSIOLOGICALLY. WE'VE HAD OLDER APPLICANTS BEFORE, FEW OF WHOM HAVE MANAGED TO STAY THE COURSE.

BUT, VOUGHT HAVE A POINT TO MAKE, I SUPPOSE. AND WHO ARE WE TO DENY VOUGHT...

THEY, THEY GAVE ME A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION. AN' MY PRINTOUT'S THERE TOO, IF YOU WANT TO GIVE IT A READ.

OH, GIVE IT TO CRITTER. I'VE NO DOUBT IT'S ALL IN ORDER.

WHY DON'T YOU BOYS SHOW OUR NEW ARRIVAL AROUND THE HOUSE, MM?

YOU BET, MISTER GODOLKIN!

JUST STAY OUT OF THE WEST WING, THE DANGER GYM IS STILL BEING FINE-TUNED.

BUZZ-CUT, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT.

YES, SIR!

PAPERS, KID.

EH--?

PAPERS.

HHHH.

HOW COME I HAVE TO DEAL WITH ALL THE ADMIN BULLSHIT...?

BECAUSE THE DEVIL MAKES WORK FOR IDLE HANDS.

FAGGOT.

TOU-CHE...

C'MON, DUDE, LET'S GO CHECK OUT THE G-DIGS!

UH, SO YOU THINK THAT WENT ALL RIGHT THERE, AYE?

SHIT, YEAH. DON'T SWEAT MISTER G., HE'S ALWAYS GOT A BUG UP HIS ASS ABOUT VOUGHT AMERICAN SENDIN' HIM SUPES.

HE'S A REALIST, DUDE, HE KNOWS WHEN TO THROW 'EM A BONE...

YEAH. AN' CRITTER AN' THE REST OF 'EM, THEY'RE ALWAYS JUST FUCKIN' DICKS TO US.

WHY'S THAT, JAMAL?

SEARCH ME, MAN. THEY LOOK AT US AN' SEE THE FUTURE, SOME KINDA SHIT LIKE THAT.

FUCKIN' DUMB. G-MEN MAKE MORE MONEY THAN GOD, THERE'LL ALWAYS BE ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE.

LET'S START OFF IN THE KITCHEN...

JINGS...

SOMETHIN' ELSE, AIN'T IT? WE USED TO LOVE THE ONE IN THE OLD PLACE, WE WERE ALWAYS SNEAKIN' DOWN AT NIGHT TO SHOOT THE SHIT.

YOU WANNA BEER?

AYE, THANKS, BLOWCHOWSKI. SO MIDNIGHT FEASTS AN' ALL, EH?

YEAH, I GUESS... FUCK, THEY ONLY GOT THAT JAP STUFF, ALWAYS GIVES ME THE FIZZY SHITS. YOU GUYS OKAY WITH THAT?

OH AYE, FINE, MATE.

JESUS, COULD I USE ONE OF THOSE...

WHAT'S UP IS THERE'S A MEMORIAL FOR SILVER KINCAID ON THURSDAY. AN' EVERYONE'S COMIN' IN FOR IT.

EVERYONE.

'SUP, RANDALL?

OH FUCK, G-STYLE AN'--

G-COAST TOGETHER? OH, THIS IS GONNA BE A GODDAMN NIGHTMARE!

BEAU TRAVAIL, PETIT HUGHIE...

IS THIS THE THING OVER Z-KOOL?

"YOU MOTHERFUCKERS KILLED HIM 'CAUSE YOU WAS JEALOUS OF US"..."YOU MOTHERFUCKERS KILLED HIM 'CAUSE YOU ALL WANTED TO BE LEADER"...

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, SUCK MY DICK. FUCKIN' G-NIGGAS, MAN.

WELL, SHE WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINALS.

SO I GUESS SHE DESERVES--

OH FUCK.

FIVE-OH, MAN...

I, WE, WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE--

JUST WHAT WE FUCKIN' NEED.

A TEN FOOT STATUE OF THE PRICK-TEASIN' BITCH.

NO SILVER KINCAID?

UH-UH.

LIKE YOU SAID, AIN'T NO ONE CALLED KINCAID EVER LIVED HERE. AIN'T NO ONE IN CRANBROOK, MASSACHUSETTS ABOUT TO NAME A KID ***SILVER*** IN THE FIRST PLACE. SUPE NAME.

WHO I'M LOOKIN' FOR INSTEAD, IS UNCLE PAUL...

ALL I GOT TO GO ON, ROG.

YOU STILL WORKIN' ON THE THEORY SHE WAS HERE BEFORE? THAT THING SHE SAID, IT WASN'T JUST SOME RANDOM SHIT?

WELL, I FIGURED YOU COULD USE SOMETHIN' TO EAT.

APPRECIATE IT.

YOU MIND IF I ASK YOU A QUESTION? ABOUT WORKIN' FOR THE C.I.A.?

I MEAN NOT THE STUFF YOU CAN TELL ME, BUT YOU'D HAVE TO KILL ME AFTERWARDS.

DON'T LET US DO THAT NO MORE.

UNION THING.

WELL HOW IS IT YOU GET INTO THAT LINE OF WORK IN THE FIRST PLACE?

MM--

WELL.

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I OWED A MAN.

MET HIM WHEN I WAS IN THE ARMY. HELPED ME OUT WITH SOME...FAMILY BUSINESS.

HE GOT ME INVOLVED WITH THE WAR HE WAS FIGHTIN'. AN' ONE DAY, I GUESS, NOT SO MUCH 'CAUSE I WAS INVOLVED AS I WAS IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG GODDAMN TIME--WELL, HIS WAR TURNED INTO MY WAR.

WAR ON TERROR?

ALL THE TERROR YOU COULD HOPE FOR.

THINKIN' OF APPLYIN'?

HMH.

I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD SEE MYSELF AS SOME KINDA SECRET AGENT-MAN. BUT I ALWAYS... I JUST WONDER WHAT IT'D BE LIKE TO BE ONE OF THE GUYS KNOWS WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THE WORLD, YOU KNOW?

YEAH.

WELL, LEMME PUT IT LIKE THIS: THAT WOMAN BLED HERSELF OUT AN' DIED IN FRONTA YOU LAST WEEK? THAT WAS YOU GETTIN' REAL GODDAMN CLOSE, ROG.

GIVE IT SOME THOUGHT, LEMME KNOW IF YOU WANNA GET CLOSER.

"ALWAYS PUT ONE INNA BOGS, 'COS 'AT'S WHEREAH CAHNTS RELAX. COR BLOIMEY, ME OL' COCK SPARRAH."

UH, FRENCHIE, DO US A FAVOR AN' WIPE THAT LAST WEE BIT, WILL YOU? I DUNNO IF HE'LL APPRECIATE THE IMPRESSION ALL THAT MUCH...

KILL ME

WHAT?

KILL ME

AAAAAAAAHH! AAAAAAAAAHH! AAAAAAAAAHHH!!

KILL ME

AW SHITE! AW FUCKIN' SHITE! AW JESUS!

PETIT HUGHIE--?

DUDE, WHAT THE FUCK--

PETIT HUGHIE, IF YOU NEED US HIT THE BUTTON...

OH, JESUS CHRIST...!

I WASN'T DOIN' ANYTHIN'! I WAS PISSIN'! I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS THERE!

KILL ME

SHE SCARED THE FUCKIN' SHITE OUTTA ME, WHAT'S WRONG WI' HER--?

HUGHIE, IT'S OKAY--

HUGHIE, IT'S *NUBIA*, MAN...!

THE MIRROR WAS CROOKED! I DIDN'T TOUCH IT, THERE'S NOTHIN'! *THERE'S NOTHIN'!*

THAT'S ALL SHE EVER SAYS, DUDE.

THAT'S IT.

KILL ME

OH, FUCK.

RIGHT THEN.

JESUS.

MISTER GODOLKIN...

OH, DEAR.

I THOUGHT WE'D PUT AN END TO NUBIA'S LITTLE EXCURSIONS. EUROPO, TELL LUCKLESS AND PUSS-PUSS I WANT TO SEE THEM AT ONCE.

YES I WILL *DOOO* SO!

HELP HER, DIVINE. TAKE HER BACK TO HER ROOM.

RIGHT...

FUCKIN'...EUROPO-TRASH, IF YOU ASK ME. SWEDISH PRICK.

YOU *GO*, GIRL...

GOD, YOU ARE BORING.

IS SHE ALL RIGHT, LIKE?

SHE WILL BE.

RIGHT.

I...HAPPEN TO KNOW A WEE BIT ABOUT THE, THE VOUGHT RESURRECTION PROCESS...

DO YOU REALLY.

NO, *UH*, NO DISRESPECT OR ANYTHIN', MISTER GODOLKIN--

BUT WHY DO YOU--WHY DO YOU ***KEEP HER...?***

BECAUSE SHE'S MY LITTLE GIRL.

JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM.

THEY'RE MY CHILDREN.

EVERY LAST ONE.

KILL ME

?

JESUS--!

UHHHMMM, HELLO?

C-C-CAN I HELP YOU?

I *HOPE* SO.

I WANT YOU TO MAKE IT ***ALL BIG*** AND PUT IT IN MY ***MOUTH***

...SO IT'S ONE, KITCHEN, TWO, LIVIN' ROOM OR T.V. ROOM OR WHATEVER YOU'D CALL IT, THREE, DININ' ROOM...

FOUR, GAMES ROOM UNDER THE POOL TABLE, FIVE, MEN'S ROOM. WE'RE GOIN' BACK UP THE G-HOUSE TOMORROW, I'LL TRY AN' PUT THE REST IN THEN.

D'ACCORD.

I'M AWAY TO BED NOW, FRENCHIE. I'LL CALL IN FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN', ALL RIGHT?

BONNE NUIT, PETIT HUGHIE.

MMM--MMM--
MMMMMMHHH!!

MMMUUUHHHH...!

OH THAT'S IT JESUS AAAAAAAHHH

HUGHIE, DUDE!

YOU WANT TO?

OH FUCK OH FUCK I'M HHNNNGGGHHH

THAT'S...ALL RIGHT... RANDALL...

I THINK I'LL...HAVE AN EARLY NIGHT...

YOU BET!

...THAT WAS *STRAIGHT PORN.*

WHAT THE FUCK'S GOIN' *ON* AROUND HERE?

NOT MUCH LONGER--

IT'S JUST NERVES, HEH-HEHHN--

ANY SECOND NOW--!

OH, LOOK, THIS IS PATHETIC.

WH-WH-WHAT--?

NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN.

YOU'RE KIND OF GROSS, ANYWAY. TELL YOUR FRIEND HE CAN HAVE A REFUND, IF HE CAN FIND ME.

KEEP THE CHAIR.

REFUND?

FRIEND?

WHERE THE FUCK IS THE FUCKING HARD DRIVE FROM MY FUCKING COMPUTER?!!

AN' HE'S GONE WITH THE RAGGLE-TAGGLE GYPSIES, OH...!

OLD GLORY

next: DO YOU MIND IF WE DANCE WITH YOUR DATES?